

W^m C^m C^m C^m C^m C^m C^m
The people grette lordis sonnes
after hem departinge - 1490. 2

L.II. Cr.



Her freves and lye on myrde day
D^m amonge the haven god them, ha
Unto the londe I herde whan that th
With a grate pele of gunnes at the morn
The meruaylous tour of famous
No gunne was shote but myrde
on her demerage to

I haue had a tranquyllyte
of herte and a quietysye
and ther was past
no dñe to solote thepm at last

þe herte maketh humake grete doloure
þe herte maketh myghte fauourable
þe herte maketh al swans the good fauoure
þe herte maketh al dñe and anyable
þe herte maketh al thingz true and stable
þe herte maketh þe so that in my herte
þe herte maketh al savyngz or of pout luke surampse

þe herte maketh al bacyngz and also couragyous
þe herte maketh batayles without feblenes
þe herte maketh al shal be ryght well bacyngous
þe herte maketh enmyes so full of subtylnes
þe herte maketh wylsdome soz more surenes
þe herte maketh welle for she can stedfastly
þe herte maketh al cysyte the contrary

þas never man yet surely at the bate
þat he doth lappyne but that he dyde repente
Who that is ruled by her hygh estate
þe herte myȝt shall never be shent
þe herte man ryght moche benyngente
þat he doth lase she doth hym toz reþe
þat he doth lase is nede to relyst a contracy

þas nether place dhere as she dyde purde

But he suche reason and stuyfffull sentence
Byde for hym lay that I tolde him
Whan he it knewe with all his comynge
He dyde me comforthe than in sper
Unto my mynde he bad me to call
Who sparest to speke he to speke
Go tell your lady the cause of your come

By wose councell grounded in my self
To the entente I shalde sped the best
And ryght shortly I dyde thyn to my self
But dredre all wayte made my lymbe to my self
After grete payne the joyes in the world
For who that tastid paynfull bytteme
The Joye to hym is double sweetnes

And therwith all I dyde unto her by my self
Councell my frende and the full ryght weke
Dyde hym receyue than as he was comynge
And of all thynges she dyde hym besyke
After her partynge the same weke
To hast me forwarde to my tourneyes ende
Therto quod I I do well condiscende

Fare well quod she I may no lenger tary
My feendes wylt come of that were I lothe
I shall retayne you in my memory
And they it knewe they wolden myght me
To lond you best I promys
And therupon ther comynge
Nowe to knyght my swerd

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